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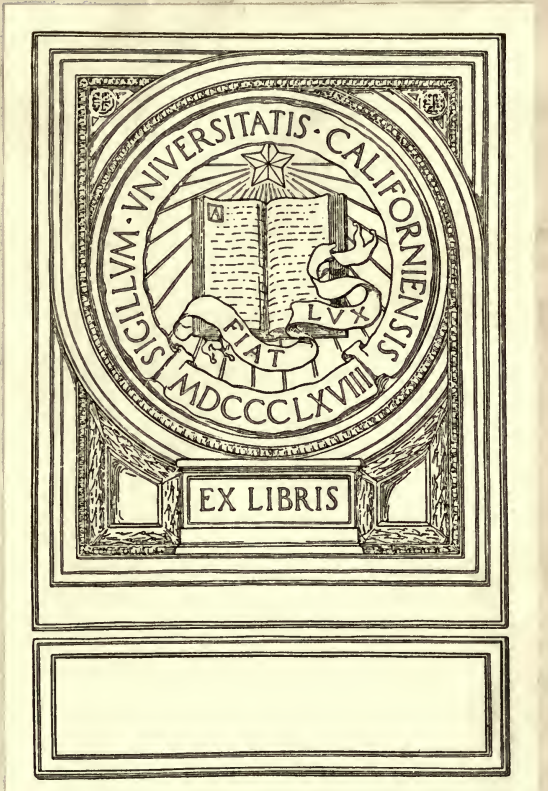
HAPPY DAYS

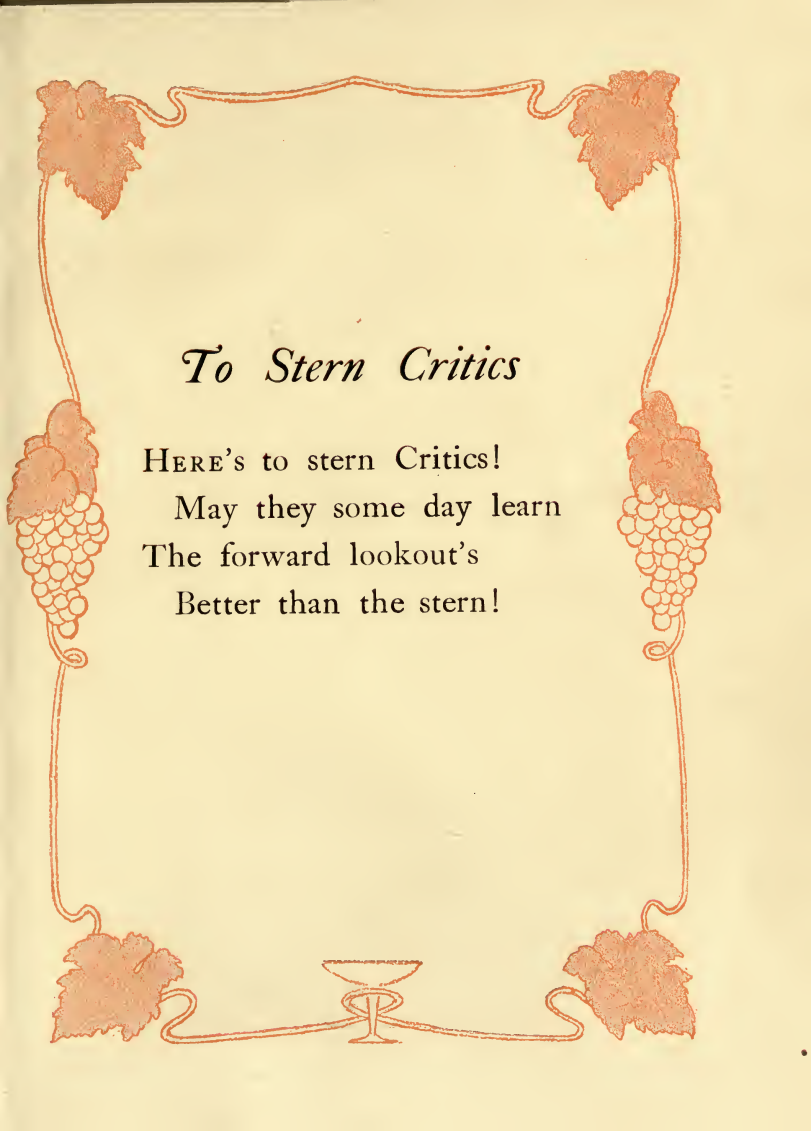


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To Stern Critics

HERE's to stern Critics!
May they some day learn
The forward lookout's
Better than the stern!



Here's to her shadow!
May it mark the hours
Upon the sundial of her life—
in flowers!

HAPPY DAYS

BY

OLIVER HERFORD

AND

JOHN CECIL CLAY



NEW YORK

MITCHELL KENNERLEY

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
To Stern Critics	3
To Her Shadow	4
To Fashion	9
To the Typewriter	11
The Floor	12
To Music	15
To the Publisher	17
Here's Looking	19
The Dove of Peace	21
To the Clock	23
To Hope	25
To Liberty	27
Stairs: A Toast	29
To Lady Nicotine	31
Oh, Editor, Editor!	33
To the Creditor	35
To Neptune	37
To the Waiter	39
To Temptation	41
To the Maid with Fancy Free	43
To Our Sweethearts	45
To Our Readers	46

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FASHION! *Lovely Dame!*
Pledge in sparkling wine!
Let us add her name
To the Muses' nine!

THOUGH *the lovely Nin*
All should pass away
Why should Woman pine,
If but Fashion stay?

THO' *the Muses' lore*
Molder on the shelf,
Still may She adore
In Fashion's glass—Herself.



To
The Typewriter

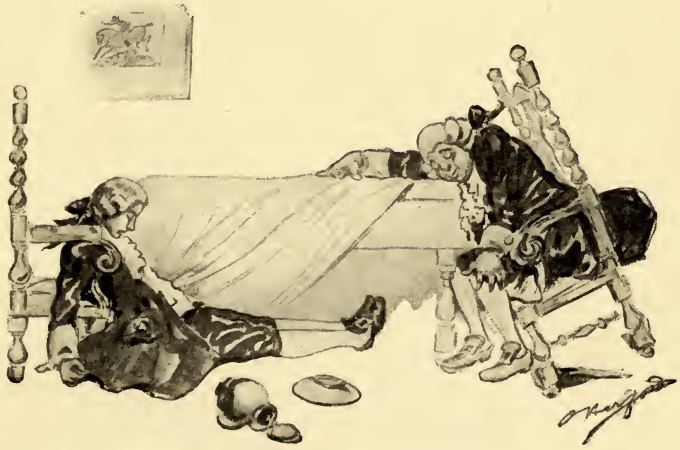
HERE's to the Typewriter!
Health to her type!
Whether blond or brunette
Or budding or ripe.
If she be the right type
Be she buxom or slight,
When she doesn't type wrong
She is sure to typewrite.



THE FLOOR

HERE'S to the floor,
Our best friend of all,
Who sticks to us close
In the time of our fall.
When benches are fickle
And tables betray
And rugs are revolving,
He meets us half-way.
Our stay and support,
When we can't stand alone,

With the floor for a backer,
We'll never be thrown.
Here's to our friend,
In life's every stage!
Dry nurse of infancy,
Wet nurse of age!
A health to our floor!
Supporter and stay;
Though he often be full,
May he never give way!





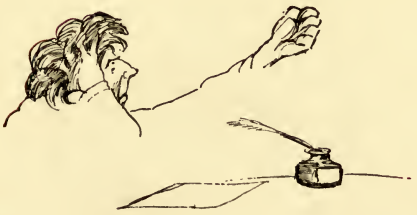
To Music

HERE's to Music,

Joy of joys!

One man's music's

Another man's noise.





TO THE *Publisher!—Drink!*
Let his virtue be shown
In the Good Works *of others*
If not in his own.

TO
THE PUBLISHER



HERE'S *looking*
at you, dear!
though I should pour
A sea of wine,
my eyes would
thirst for more.



HERE'S *to the Dove of Peace!*
May she find a mate some day,
And may her tribe increase
As fast as she can lay!

WITH *cooing doves galore*
Then may the sky be dark
Until the Dogs of War
Can't see each other bark!





HERE'S *to the Clock!*
Whose hands, we pray heaven,
When we come home at three,
Have stopped at eleven!

TO

THE CLOCK



HERE'S *to Hope,*
the child of Care,
And pretty sister
of Despair!
Here's hoping that
Hope's children shan't
Take after
their Grandma
or Aunt!



To Liberty

HERE'S *to our Goddess, Liberty,*
Idol of bronze and stone!
May she awake to life some day
And let her charms be known.

STAIRS

A TOAST

HERE'S *to the man who*
invented stairs
And taught our feet
to soar!
He was the first who
ever burst
Into a second floor.

The world would be
downstairs to-day
Had he not found
the key;
So let his name go
down to fame,
Whatever it may be.



To
Our Lady Nicotine

Here's *to Lady Nicotine!*
Saint and Sorceress
and Queen!
Saint, whose purple
halo rings
Lift our eyes from
earthly things;
Witch, whose wand of
scented briar
Transmutes dead weeds
to fragrant fire;
Queen, whose rod her slaves adore!
What can freedom offer more?


RHADAMANTE

OH, EDITOR, EDITOR,
Awful and grand,
Who holdest our fate
In the palm of thy hand,
Dost ever reflect
How one day thy ghost
To an Editor awf'ler
And grander will post?
Before him a great
Golden scroll is spread wide,
And a bottomless waste-basket
Yawns at his side.
With a swift searching glance
He reads through thy soul,
Then he looks at the basket,
Then looks at the scroll;
He purses his lips
And nibbles his pen,
And frowns for one long
Awful moment—and then—
Oh, Editor!—think! if thy
Poor crumpled soul
Fall into the basket
And not in the scroll!


The
I O U



To The Creditor

HERE's to the Creditor,
Long may he reign!
May his Faith never waver,
His Trust never wane.
May the Lord make him gentle
And gracious and gay,
Yet quick to resent
The least offer of pay:
May he soften his heart
As he softened, we're told,
To the Israelite's 'touch,'
The Egyptian of old;
And when on his last
Long account he shall look,
The angel will say
As he closes the book:
"The Lord gives you Credit
For Credit you gave"!
So here's to the Creditor—
Long may he waive.



To
Neptune

A HEALTH *to King Neptune,*
The boss of the wave!
Who sits on the Ocean
And makes it behave.
Come fill up your bumpers
And take a long pull!
When he's calm he's not dry—
When he rolls, he's not full.

WHETHER *sober or rough,*
He's always a sport,
And we'll never stop toasting him
Till we're in port.
A jolly old salt,
Though he smile or he frown.
So here's to King Neptune!
Fill up! Drink her down!



WE DRINK *your health, O Waiter!*
And may you be preserved
From old age, gout, or sudden death!—
At least till supper's served.

TO

THE WAITER





HERE'S *to*
temptation!
Give us strength
and grace
Against her
witching smile,
To set our face!



HERE'S *to the maid*
with Fancy Free;
If Cupid's
necromancy
Imprison not
her heart, maybe,
It will arrest
her Fancy.





To *our Sweethearts*
and Wives,
The joy of our
lives!
May our Wives be
our Sweethearts—
Our Sweethearts,
our Wives.

To Our Readers

HERE's to our Readers, Health!
good Looks!
And Joy *ad infinitum*
And may they live to read
our Books
As long as we may write 'em.

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